

D.H. Lawrence

MORNING WORK

*A gang of labourers on the piled wet timber
That shines blood-red beside the railway siding
Seem to be making out of the blue of the morning
Something faery and fine, the shuttles sliding,
The red-gold spools of their hands and faces shuttling
Hither and thither across the morn's crystalline frame
Of blue: trolls at the cave of ringing cerulean mining,
And laughing with work, living their work like a game.*

A LIBRIVOX WEEKLY POEM

LibriVox volunteers bring you 15 recordings of Morning Work by D. H. Lawrence.

This was the Weekly Poetry project for August 15, 2021.

This Weekly poem is taken from Love Poems and Others by D. H. Lawrence (1913)(Summary by David Lawrence)

**Read by Alan Mapstone; DarkSunshine2000; Algy Pug; Bruce Kachuk; czandra; delsing; David Lawrence; Ellen Adams; Newgatenovelist; Garth Burton; yourbookvoice; Lee Ann Howlett; Larry Wilson; Melissa Van Hoose and Phil Schempf.
. Total running time: 00:13:09**

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